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FREEDOM NATIONAL—SLAVERY SECTIONAL

S P E E C H

OF THE

HON. S. H. HAMMOND,

OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SENATE DISTRICT,

ON THE

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

IN SENATE, FEBRUARY, 1860.

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IN SENATE—FEBRUARY, 1860.

Senator LAWRENCE, of the 1st District, having spoken against the position taken by the Governor in his Annual Message, on the subject of Slavery,

Mr. HAMMOND replied as follows:

I thank the Senator from the 1st for bringing the subject of our federal relations before the Senate. By federal relations, sir, I mean the relations between the States and the people of the several States. I thank him for the broad range he has taken in this discussion; and while the difference between us is world-wide, I can do justice to the ability if not the good taste of his effort. And yet, sir, I had hoped that this irrepressible conflict would not have been precipitated upon us here during the present session. But it is our destiny to encounter it everywhere. It is above, beneath and around us; and, sir, since come it must, I again thank the gentleman for ushering it in. Take notice, sir, and let it be recorded for reference, that this slavery agitation has not been introduced here by republicans. The call of the clans has been sounded by democratic bugles; the first blow has come from democratic hands. Let no man, then, charge us as being the agitators.

Sir, perhaps it is best that this great question between freedom and slavery should be discussed on this floor, and at this time. It is in the hearts of the people everywhere. It goes ringing from the Gulf to the great lakes—from the rock-bound coast of New England across the continent, to mingle with the sound of the waves that lave the Pacific coast. Sir, there is some fear, some danger in this agitation; but there is vastly more of hope. We can look through the mist and cloud that hangs over this confederacy to-day, and see in the future a strength as enduring, a progress as matchless, as in the past. Nations, sir, have their ague-chills, and we are suffering one of the paroxysms that belong to ours. But there is in this

young country a recuperative power, a constitutional vigor, so to speak, that will carry us safely through; and though to-day may be one of darkness and storm, the glory of the sunlight will be all over the earth again to-morrow.

Time was, sir, when we said there was no North, no South, no East, no West. That time has passed away. The East and the West have drifted to the North, and the North and the South have grown to be gigantic antagonisms, rearing their vast proportions against each other in a hostility that threatens the upheaval of the Union, and, strange as it will sound in history, a hostility based upon a fundamental difference on the great question of human liberty. Strange, sir, is it not, that in this free country—the freest, most progressive and prosperous in the round world, surrounded and protected by more guaranties of freedom, more safeguards against tyranny, where human genius has the widest range, human enterprise the broadest scope, and human energy the fewest obstacles in the way of its progress of any nation under the whole heavens, having too a glorious history made up of trials heroically endured, and triumphs gloriously won,—that even this great republic should, in the midst of its career of prosperity and progress, be in danger of being wrecked by a conflict having for its object the perpetuation and spread, on the one hand, and the limitation, on the other, of human slavery!—that the free people of this free country should be ready to clutch each other's throats over the mightiest oppression that the sun or the stars ever shone upon!

I said, that perhaps it is well to discuss this great question in this chamber, and at this time. What we may say here will go out to the world as in some measure the sentiments and opinions of the people of this great State whom we represent. Sir, there is need of a truthful representation of those sentiments and opinions, that the people of other States may know the strength

and volume of that current in favor of free thought, free institutions, free labor, and free soil, that is sweeping over the greatest in this great confederation of States. Sir, it is time that the truth should be spoken. It is time that the calumny of our opponents, in our own and other States, who have maligned the people of New York, should be refuted by a calm but firm and frank avowal of a sentiment that pervades all hearts in this free State. Sir, I care not what Democracy may say, speaking through its organs. I care not what demagogues may say, on this floor or elsewhere. I care not what your professional orators, your learned lawyers, whose sympathies have been dried up by delving among the dust and rubbish of ancient and the more brilliant sophisms of modern laws, may say on this subject. I speak, sir, what you and I do know, that in this State the love of freedom and hatred of oppression, whatever shape it may assume, is organic in the hearts of our people, as pervading as the air we breathe, as universal as the light by day or the darkness by night. Sir, I speak not now of political parties, nor of political organizations. I speak of the people, and of the whole people. They love freedom, and hate oppression and wrong. They love freedom and hate slavery; and that man, reared and educated in this State, is false to himself, recreant to the impulses of his own heart, a traitor to his own instincts, who denies this living fact. On this great fundamental principle, all are agreed; and though we may wrangle over the manner of manifesting our love of freedom and hatred of slavery, still the fact remains, and the world, our sister States, should be made to understand it. On this question, the popular mind is made up. Argument is thrown away upon us. We have gone back to first principles, and taken our stand on the side of Christianity, on the side of progress, on the side of civilization, and in defence of human rights. Calumny will not move us; denunciation, threats, will not intimidate us. The spirit of the age, the popular sentiment throughout the world, is with us. The differences between the people of this State and the propagandists of human slavery, those who would make it an outspreading and progressive institution, are wide as the poles, deep as the foundations of right, and eternal as God. I repeat, sir, I am not now speaking of the Republican Party, but of the People. I speak not the sentiment of myself or my political associates alone, but of a sentiment that nestles in the heart of every man. Even the Senator from the 1st, with all his professions of nationality, all his party subserviency to the interests of Slavery, notwithstanding his association with the mouthing patriotism that is shaped by cotton bales and burrows in the sweetness of hogsheads of sugar, even my friend has not been able wholly to crush the divinity that stirs within him. Even he has been compelled to yield a tribute, cold and reluctant and unwilling to be sure, but still a tribute to that sentiment in favor of free institutions which is welling up all over the State.

But, Sir, it is one thing to have the humanity to feel, and another the courage to express the sentiment that is in us. It is one thing to *know* the right, and another to possess the boldness to do it. I have said, Sir, that this sentiment in favor of freedom is universal throughout the north; but, Sir, it shames me to say, that there

are craven spirits who cowed by the arrogant pretension of the domineering propagandists of human slavery, and under the lash of party drill, meanly suppress the instincts of their nature, and stultify their own convictions of right

"For so much trash as a man may grasp thus."

Sir, I can respect a man who has been educated in the midst of Slavery, who has grown up under the influence, imbibed the sentiments, and become familiarized with that absolutism, which is the fundamental principle of a slave code. I can respect such a man as an apologist for the existence of slave institutions. I can excuse him for advocating their extension. I can forgive him, even though he insists, that it is not wrong to buy and sell men; but, Sir, I have no charity for, I cannot fellowship, the man who, in these times of enlightenment, and in this free State, with the light of discussion blazing all around him, with freedom to talk, freedom to reason, freedom to think upon this great subject, meanly suppresses his convictions, speaking with bated breath and walking with a cringing gait; surrendering in coward fear his manhood; bartering his birthright of independence; his heritage of freedom for a mess of pottage, compared with which, that for which Esau sold his birthright was a monarch's feast. Sir, I can respect a slaveholder; there are honorable men, patriotic men, Christian men among them. Men who are conscientious in their pro-slavery faith; but, sir, language fails to express my measureless scorn of a northern doughface. Let no man accuse me now of using language unbecoming this place. We have heard three hundred thousand voting men, citizens of our State, men to the manner of freedom born, denounced as traitors. We have heard ourselves maligned, the Republican Party of this State, and all the North, denounced as traitors and rebels to the constitution. We have listened calmly to this gigantic lie (pardon the use of this strong old Saxon word), reaching through an hour of forensic essay; and are we to choose our words, to select gentle phrases, when we hurl back this stupendous calumny upon our traducers.

But, sir, let us go back to the subject of this discussion. I said, that the sentiment in favor of free institutions pervaded all the North. That it was in the heart of every man in whom was a living soul. True, there are those who in coward fear, close their lips against the utterance of the thought that is in them. True, there are others who, in their craven dread of party drill, the sneer of demagogues, or their greed for official spoil, deny or seek to pervert this ennobling sentiment, who

"Bend the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning."

But, sir, that sentiment is in the hearts of all, and it will not be clean crushed out.

Sir, it is this love of free institutions, of free thought, free speech, free discussion, free labor and free soil; of making freedom and the spread of free institutions, the leading feature of the policy of this great republic, that form the foundation stones and the strong pillars of the Republican Party. Sir, that party was not an accident. It was not the work of intriguants. It was not the creation of politicians. It was a necessity growing out of the exigencies of the times. It was a logical sequence of the genius

and spirit of the age. It was more, even than this. It was but the carrying out to their remote but inevitable results, those principles which underlaid our Revolution itself. The spirit, sir, that moved our fathers to break the yoke of kings; that proclaimed that all men were by nature free; that they were endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness; was not a MYTH, but a living, and immortal entity. However it may have slumbered in the past, it became flesh and dwelt among us. The great truths which that spirit dictated, and which were embodied in our Declaration of Independence, were not metaphysical abstractions, were not "glittering generalities," but living and everlasting facts. They were more than mere profession—they were articles of living faith; and as intelligence increased, and the value of freedom developed itself, these great truths have grown into a higher appreciation, and received a deeper sanction.

They teach us, sir, the value of human rights, and they rouse us to a hatred of oppression and wrong. They teach us to estimate the value of a man, not in dollars and cents, not by the price he will bring in market, but because he is a man, wearing the image and stamped with the signet of the Almighty, having within him a reasoning spirit and a soul that is immortal.

Sir, these great truths have a practical and irresistible influence over human progress, and they have been moving us forward for generations. They are gathering force and volume always. They created the necessity for, and then fashioned the Republican Party. Call it, if you please, the fragments of pre-existing parties. Be it so. Those parties were shivered by collision with these great truths. Call it, if you please, the shattered remains of old political organizations. Be it so. It was these great truths that destroyed the cohesiveness of those old organizations. These great truths, sir, had a mission of destruction as well as of reconstruction—to kill as well as to make alive. They destroyed pre-existing parties, to collect the scattered fragments and breathe into them new and immortal life. They killed the old political organizations to make alive a new one, that should be purged of moral cowardice, and have the courage to stand up boldly and always for the right.

Sir, in the heat of discussion great men often use expressions which, though uttered without premeditation, are so pregnant with meaning, so full of philosophy, so in accordance with the genius of the age, that the people take them up, and convert them into proverbs.

It was thus, sir, with Mr. Seward, when he used the expression which the Senator from the first repeated with a sneer, and which now goes ringing from Maine to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. There was nothing new in the idea. It was the same conflict that has been waging since history lifted the curtain from the everlasting past. A conflict old as human traditions. The conflict between right and wrong—between human rights and imperial sway—between freedom and oppression. It was this "irresistible conflict" which impelled the sturdy barons of England, with sharp swords in their hands, to force Magna Charta from King John. It was this same irrepressible conflict that sent the Mayflower bounding over the ocean,

with her pilgrim exiles seeking a refuge and a home in a wilderness country beyond the reach of the oppressor's arm. It was this irrepressible conflict that gave this great republic a place among the nations of the earth, and made us, the people of these States, free, independent, self-governing and self-governed men. It falsified the traditions of old, bearded and hoary with age as they were, that self-government was a delusion, and republican rule a fable. Sir, it was this same irrepressible conflict, eternal in the past, as it will be in the future, between right and wrong, between freedom and oppression, between progress into a broader and better light and retrogression that created the necessity for a Republican Party, that gave it vitality, power, triumph.

It is this same irrepressible conflict that will carry this party forward to greater power and a more enduring triumph.

Sir, I heard the Senator from the first prophecy its downfall. It is not the first prediction of a lying prophet that has been or will be falsified by the logic of time. Democracy has more than once foretold its destruction, even when itself went down before the sweep of its battle-axe. It still lives, and will continue to live till its great mission shall have been accomplished; and woe to the puny spoilsman, woe to the banner-men of slavery, woe to the mouthing demagogues who for the sake of a selfish and groveling ambition would sow discord between the States, and scatter strife where all should be peace. They will be before it like chaff before the tempest. They will be under its feet like straw upon the threshing floor.

Sir, this Republican Party loves freedom and intends to maintain it. It loves free territory and intends to protect it. It is in everlasting hostility to human slavery, and it intends to avow, and does avow it always. But, sir, it loves the Constitution and the Union, and intends to regard all the sanctions of the one and be firm in its loyalty to the other. It not only intends to observe all the sanctions of the Constitution, but intends that others shall be made to regard them too. It loves the Union, and is resolved that its strong arm shall sustain and preserve it. It loves the rights of the States, and intends to sustain them. It loves State sovereignty, and intends to perpetuate it.

Sir, on this great issue of slavery it is frank and free of speech, while it will be firm and impregnable in action. It is accused of interfering with the domestic institutions of the States. It is false. It is accused of interfering with the rights of the citizens of other States. It is false. It is accused of encouraging invasion of other States. It is false. It is accused of inciting insurrection and a servile war in other States. It is false—ten thousand times false—and he is recreant alike to justice, to patriotism, and to truth, who utters the infamous calumny.

Sir, the Republican Party recognizes the right of every State, from the hour of its admission into the Union, to establish or abolish slavery within its own domain, and it denies that any power on earth outside of such State has any right to interfere. The Republican Party regards slavery as a State institution, and is ready to protect it within the States, against invasion from any quarter. When danger shall threaten a slave State, whether through invasion from with-

out or rebellion within, the Republican party of the State of New York will be prompt in its aid of money and men to assist her.

The Republican Party of the State of New York makes the sovereignty of the States a fundamental article in its creed. It will be found even with the foremost when that sovereignty shall be in danger, whether that danger assail South Carolina or New York. It regards State sovereignty, and that in no restricted sense, as the palladium of our liberties. As a State, we have the exclusive power over the subject of slavery within our own borders. We can establish it or abolish it as and when we please, and no human power has any right to interfere with us. We will permit no human power to interfere with us; and what the Republican Party claims for itself in our own State, it accords in a spirit of cheerful and earnest frankness to every other State. If Virginia chooses to perpetuate slavery in her own domain, that, sir, is her business, and not ours; and hers is all the glory and all the shame of the policy she chooses to pursue. We have no right, and no disposition, to interfere in dictating her course or coercing her policy. No Republican has ever proposed to interfere with her. It is false, sir, wickedly false, that the Republican Party, or any member of it, has ever proposed to do so. There are madmen, frantic zealots in all countries, and they have existed in all ages. You will find them at the South, frenzied in their zeal for slavery and mad for a dissolution of the Union. These, sir, nestle in the bosom of Democracy, and find no word or sign of repulsion. You will find them at the North, frenzied in their zeal against slavery; but, sir, they do not affiliate with Republicanism. They are meteors skiving through the political heavens, having no orbit, belonging to no system, flashing out of the gloom only to disappear again into the darkness.

Sir, will the Senator from the 1st go further than this in the protection of State rights or in vindication of State sovereignty? Will he ask the Republican Party to go further in that direction? Sir, I said the Republican Party loved freedom and hates slavery; and frankness demands the avowal that, while it regards slavery as a State institution, and is ready to protect it there, it will never consent that it shall spread one inch beyond the boundary of the States. It will never consent that one inch of territory now free shall be surrendered to its sway, or that its shadow shall ever darken one foot of the national domain. It will never consent that soil once consecrated to freedom shall be desecrated by the footprint of a slave. It will never consent to the acquisition of another acre of slave territory, whether by conquest or by purchase. It will never consent to the admission of another slave State into the Union, otherwise than as such State may be made by a division of Texas into two or more States. This, sir, is the Republican creed, as I understand it, upon the subject of slavery. Upon this ground the Republican Party will stand in 1860, and from which it can neither be persuaded nor driven. If defeated in 1860, it will stand there in 1864, and in 1868, and in 1872, and always, until this great conflict shall have ended by the triumph or annihilation of freedom.

Sir, like the Democracy of the South, we repudiate the Douglas idea of Squatter Sovereignty; and my friend from the 1st may as well

make up his mind that his theory on this subject is a doomed theory. The South repudiates it, and the North repudiates it. Freedom repudiates it, and Slavery repudiates it; and between these opposing forces, the plastic Doughfaces who sustain it will be squeezed into political annihilation. The Republican Party, sir, holds with the Governor that the Territories are under the rule of Congress, and must continue to remain so until they enter the Union as States.

Such, sir, is the simple creed of the Republican Party, in its great and essential features. But there are other opinions which it holds. It holds that slavery is and can be the creature only of positive law. The relation of master and slave, is one sanctioned by no natural law. It is opposed to all sound philosophy of human government and human right. It can exist only by the rule of the strongest; and its foundations rest upon that axiom of tyrants, that might makes right. We hold, that by the common law of the world, no man can hold property in man. That property, sir, can only be acquired by legislative enactment. Hence; there can be no slavery without a statute creating and establishing it; and hence again, there can be no slavery in the territories, unless it shall be established there by a law of Congress. You may be sure, sir, that no such law can ever be passed, while the Republican Party has a voice that shall influence the national councils.

And now, sir, will my friend from the 1st, tell me which article of the Republican creed is in violation of the Constitution? Will he point me to the clause with which it is in conflict? Sir, I desire to keep on constitutional grounds. Much as I hate slavery, I love the Constitution more. I desire to be enlightened as to my constitutional duties, and the constitutional rights of my fellow-citizens, with whom I may differ on this great question, involving the prosperity and progress of our common country. Sir, I do not want assertion. I want the book, the article and the section, that I may read and study it. We have plenty of assertion, plenty of dictation, plenty of blustering, and plenty of assumption of wisdom about the constitutional rights of slavery. I am sick and tired of all this. I want the article and the section.

Are we asked, sir, why the political contest of the times, have been narrowed down to this issue between freedom and slavery; between the progress of free institutions and the progress of slave institutions? I answer, that it has been impossible to avoid it. The irrepressible conflict is our destiny, and it is upon us now. The issues that divided the old parties have passed away. They were ephemeral in their nature, so far as they were practical, relating to the temporary policy of the country in its foreign and domestic relations. Those issues have drifted away on the currents of progress, or been passed in the onward march of our common country. Measures that divided the opinions of our people, have become so established, that no sensible man questions their wisdom; or so buried in the dead past, that no sane man would hope to revive them. Time, the great living test of national policy, has settled, by its resistless demonstrations, the questions which agitated the country, and arrayed political organizations against each other in times past. They have had their day, and have passed into history. Sir, I said this

irrepressible conflict was eternal as right and wrong; and while all other issues have been passing away, this conflict has been gathering strength and power. True, sir, we have sought to avoid it. We have put it away on the right hand, and shoved it aside on the left; we have pushed it away from before us, and thrust it back behind us. But it would not be put off. The spirit of slavery is restless as it is wrong. It will not leave us alone; it will not be let alone. It troubled our fathers when this great union was formed. It troubled the sages and patriots who framed the federal constitution. It troubled the statesmen who guided this country in its infancy; and they saw with prophetic vision the mightier troubles which it would occasion in the years to come. It was present when Louisiana was purchased. It reared its head higher, and spoke with a voice more potential in 1820, when Missouri was added to the Union. It stood in still loftier and more compact stature, when Texas was annexed, and in 1850 when it demanded to be nationalized. It was matured in strength, in 1854, when it demanded of a Democratic administration and a subservient Democratic Congress, that every barrier standing in the way of its progress towards supremacy, should be swept away. It stands now, sir, in all its giant proportions, confident in its power, arrogant, overbearing, turbulent, reckless of violence, and careless of results; demanding the first and prominent place in the politics and policy of the country. It has crowded every other issue out of the political arena, and stands there at last, alone, armed and panopied for battle, determined on expansion, and defiant of opposition. I repeat, sir, the irrepressible conflict is upon us; but it is without our fault. It has been forced upon us, and we must sit down in craven silence, or fight it out to the bitter end.

Sir, do you comprehend the length and breadth of this conflict, the stupendous issues dependent upon its results? Did the Senator from the first, when he swung over to the side of slavery, and in his youthful zeal charged upon the freedom-loving men of the North—upon you and me, sir, upon every man around this circle; upon every man of his State who takes sides with freedom in the controversy thus forced upon us—the crime of treason against the Constitution and the Union; did he comprehend the nature of this conflict? Did he appreciate the character of the charges he so recklessly made, or the nature of the associations into which he so madly plunged? Sir, I will not speak of slavery in a humanitarian sense, I will not discuss its moral or religious bearing upon those who exercise or those who are subjected to its sway. To do so would be, in this age of light and truth, to insult your understanding. But I do propose to speak of it with reference to its political influences upon the prosperity and true glory of this great country, upon the honor and the perpetuity of our free institutions, and the integrity of the Union, with reference to the civil and social rights of the free white men of this nation. It is right that we should do so. It is necessary that all may comprehend the nature and inevitable tendencies of an institution that claims precedence over freedom and free institutions.

Sir, who will contradict me when I say, that

the system of slavery is at war with every principle of republican freedom—with the whole theory and structure of our institutions—that it is a living reproach to our country; falsifying all our professions of regard for human rights. We boast to the world of our love of freedom. We are pointed to our three millions of men, created in the image of God, whom we have robbed of their humanity, and whom we buy and sell as chattels in the market. Shall we sink still deeper in the world's estimation by consenting to the spread of an institution which belies every profession of our love of liberty; which is a perpetual libel upon our theory of government, and a living refutation of the great truths embodied in our Declaration of Independence?

But, sir, consider the effect of this institution upon the physical prosperity of a nation. Virginia, at the close of the revolutionary war, was the leading State of the Union. She was first in population, and richest in resources. Her climate was the most salubrious, and her soil the most productive of all the States. She had harbors second to none on the Atlantic coasts; the best water power to propel machinery. Her mountains are full of coal, and her hills of iron. Her rivers broad and navigable, or easily made so. With all these advantages, where is Virginia now? States that were then but a wilderness, on almost every acre of which the old forests stood in all their pristine grandeur and primeval gloom, are away beyond her in population, in wealth, in enterprise, in everything that makes up the material prosperity of a nation. From being the first she has glided down to the fifth or sixth position in the scale of States, and every decade she takes a downward step. Her soil, sir, is becoming exhausted, her people enervated, lacking in energy, in enterprise, in the power of progress in a comparative sense, a blight spreading wider and wider, barrenness creeping further and further across her once generous and productive soil, and desolation being written in legible characters over district after district of her once fruitful bosom; and why is all this? Sir, study the philosophy of Slavery and you will understand it. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn," is a command as binding in its typical sense as is that which declares "thou shalt not steal," and the penalty affixed is the increasing barrenness of the soil where that command is violated.

Again, sir, look over the map of Virginia, and trace out her canals and her railroads. Measure them in distance, and calculate their cost. Where are her factories, where her workshops? Does the smoke of her furnaces go columning up to the sky? Where a stream comes down from the mountain, or a river leaps over a precipice, does the clank of machinery mingle with their roar? Has she laid her hand upon the running waters, and made them utilitarian, compelled them to grind corn, to throw the shuttle and spin? Sir, the little State of Vermont, whose narrow territory is cloven by that range of mountains that stand up in everlasting barrenness, but eternal verdure to the sky, has more miles and a larger amount in cost of public improvement than the great State of Virginia. You will scarcely find a factory or a workshop, worthy of the name, in all Virginia. You will find the mountain stream unchained, the plunging river free, with all their motive power un-

employed. You will see no smoke of furnaces, no blazing forges. And why? Virginia was a great State, the greatest in this great confederacy of States, the mother of heroes, of statesmen, of Presidents, and why is she thus laggard in the race of progress. Sir, study the philosophy of slavery and you will understand it. What is thus true of Virginia is true of every State where slavery is a cherished institution. It is the trail of the serpent over them all. Its improvidence impoverishes the soil. Its inertia hangs like an incubus upon enterprise. Its enforced and unpaid labor breaks down the energies of the masses. It is in violation of a great fundamental law that prosperity can, sir, attach only to a people where compensation follows physical exertion and the hope of reward stimulates toil.

Sir, the line between the Free and the Slave States is as traceable in the difference in the thrift of the people, and the value of their lands, as it is by the monuments erected to divide them. Kentucky is a Slave State as prosperous as any, but her lands, equally productive with those of Ohio, are not more than half equal in value to those of the latter to-day. Missouri has a soil rich as that of Illinois, but the value of the land of the latter is, on the average, more than twice that of the former. And why? Study the philosophy of Slavery, and you will understand it.

Again, sir, Virginia has a broad seacoast, and as safe harbors as there are in the world. Where, sir, is the ocean commerce of Virginia? where her Ships, her Steamers? She has none, sir. The little State of Rhode Island, having but a single Representative in the lower House of Congress, has her Ships, her Steamers, and her external commerce is greater than that of Virginia. And why? Study the philosophy of Slavery and you will understand it.

Study, now sir, the educational statistics of Virginia. I speak of her, sir, because she claims to be the leading and most enlightened Slave State in the Union. The little State of Connecticut, little only in natural resources and in population, in a comparative sense, has an Education Fund nearly double that of the great State of Virginia. Of the white population of Virginia, one in ten can neither read nor write. Of those in Connecticut the ratio is as one to seventy-four, including even the foreign population within her borders. Connecticut sends out her school teachers over all the Union, and her Missionaries over all the world—her Academies and Colleges are famed throughout this whole Confederacy—her scholars adorn the Science, and her writers the Literature of the world—every child reared within her Territory has the means of acquiring a substantial English education, free of expense. Is it so in Virginia? Let every tenth man and woman in that State, who can neither read nor write, answer. What is thus true of Connecticut is true of almost every Free State; and what is thus true of Virginia is less than the truth of almost every other Slave State. In South Carolina, and that outside of the vice and degradation of the cities, is a rural white population of over 30,000, one-ninth of the whole population, so besotted and degraded, so demoralized and imbruted as to be the scorn of the slaves of the plantations in the neighborhood of which they are scattered. These, sir, are the descendants of those whom, a

hundred years ago, before the full blight and curse of Slavery had been developed, were small farmers, prosperous and intelligent in their way, but whose posterity has thus hopelessly degenerated under the demoralizing influences of Slavery. Do you ask, sir, why this should be so? Study the philosophy of Slavery, and you will be answered.

I have thus far spoken of the effects of slavery upon the material prosperity of the States in which it exists, and if I am asked, "What is that to us?" I answer, in all frankness, nothing. If I am asked again, "If those States choose to foster and uphold an institution which thus obstructs their progress, what is that to us?" I answer again, in all frankness, nothing. If Virginia chooses to cling to the disease that is wasting her, she has the right to do so. It is her business, and not ours, and you or I have no right to interfere.

But when the question arises, as it has arisen, and is presented to us now, whether this demoralizing institution shall be an outspreading and progressive one, whether it shall be permitted to march forward into territory now free, carrying with it this blight of death into territory in which you and I, and our posterity, have an interest, under the sanction of national favor and the protection of Federal law, then, sir, I answer, that we have much, everything, to do with it. When it is proposed to make the interests and the spread of slavery, and the protection of slave labor and slave property the great leading feature of our national policy, it comes home to us then, affects our honor and our rights, is within the sphere of our duties, and posterity will hold us responsible for our action.

But, sir, there are other aspects in which this institution should be regarded. I speak of it still in a political sense, and of its bearing upon the material prosperity and social rights of the people of this country. Sir, the slave spirit is opposed to social order, turbulent, aggressive, regardless of legal and constitutional restraints. Founded upon the baldest violation of human rights, and sustained only by the law of the strongest, its imperial elements scoff at the restraints of governmental institutions. The Federal Constitution guarantees freedom of opinion and of the press. Within the last four years, a citizen of Virginia, occupying a respectable position, of untarnished character and undoubted loyalty to the Union, was hunted from his family and the State, because he attended as a delegate to the Republican Convention that nominated John C. Fremont, and every paper in Virginia under the influence of the slave power justified the outrage.

In Kentucky, the destruction of a free press and the cold blooded murder of its editor, are among the unavenged outrages of the lawless spirit of slavery.

Sir, in what State south of Mason and Dixon's line would your life or mine be safe, if the facts of our being members of the Republican Party, and held to the Republican faith, were known? In which Southern State would the life of the Senator from the first be worth an hour's purchase, if he exercised the right of saying what has become organic in his heart, that slavery is wrong, and wicked in principle, and hurtful to the prosperity of a country in practice? Sir, accounts come to us every day, of insult and

outrage to which free men of the North are subjected while traveling in the Southern States, for saying, or even thinking, greatly less than this in favor of freedom.

Sir, the Constitution guarantees freedom of debate in Congress, that the persons of members shall be sacred from outrage, that they shall not be called to account for words spoken or language used in official discussion.

A member of Congress, sir, stalked into the Senate chamber and clubbed down a Senator in his place, for speaking in defence of freedom and against the spread of slavery, in language becoming a free man of the free North. Let no man suppose that the outrage of Brooks upon Senator Sumner was the sequence of a personal quarrel, that the felon blow was the result of personal hostility, incited by personal insult. It was the mad and lawless spirit of slavery, rioting in its normal violence, trampling upon human rights, scoffing at Constitutions, and stamping with its iron heel upon organic law. It was the absolutism of the slave spirit crushing freedom of opinion and of speech and debate by the strong arm of physical force. It was the cruel tyranny of the slave spirit, that would strike down human liberty everywhere, and stifle the voice of freedom, even in blood.

Sir, every press in the slave States justified this monstrous outrage. The Democracy of the South eulogised the perpetrator of it, and the Democracy of the north stood in craven silence with no word of condemnation. The slave spirit possessed the Southern Democracy, who applauded the outrage, and it cowed the Northern Democracy, who dared not disavow or condemn it.

But all these outrages, great as they are, furnish no comparison with the gigantic villainy perpetrated by the Slave Power in the Territory of Kansas. That villainy is matter of history now; and I speak of it only as an illustration of the true genius and spirit of Slavery rioting in unrestraint, spreading itself in all its monstrous proportions when unawed by the presence of a controlling power. That Territory, sir, was consecrated to freedom by a compact as solemn as language and circumstances could make it—a compact possessing all the moral if not legal force of organic law. The Slave Power demanded the abrogation of that compact; and that demand, through the solidarity of the Slave Democracy of the South, aided by a craven acquiescence on the part of the Democracy of the North, was conceded. The Slave Power, having broken down this last barrier against its onward march, strode forward to take possession. It was met by the peaceful current of a free population. It armed itself with weapons of war. It organized armed forces, and invaded that peaceful Territory with hosts of ruffians who marked with desolation, with the corpses of murdered citizens and the smouldering ruins of burned homes, the path that they followed. Rapine and plunder went hand in hand with them. They took possession of the ballot-boxes, and voted themselves into office. They made legislators of themselves, and passed laws exceeding in atrocity even those of the Athenian tyrant. They burned cities and sacked towns. They robbed and murdered without mercy and without remorse, and the Slave Power in Congress and out of it justified their enormities. The Slave spirit, sir, possessed itself of a venal and corrupt Ad-

ministration, and the cry of the oppressed met with no response from Washington. Worse than that, sir, the Administration claimed to be Democratic. The great bulk of Democracy had come to be aggregated in the Slave States; and at the bidding of the Slave Power, the might of the Administration was exerted in behalf of the oppressor, and justified and upheld the gigantic outrage and wrong. Sir, I said these things have passed into history, and I thank God that it is so. The record has been made up and sealed, and can no longer be falsified. Though that great struggle for freedom in Kansas belongs now to the past, yet, sir, the mad raid of John Brown, that sent an ague chill of terror thrilling through all the South, was but the faint and dying echo of the mightier outrages perpetrated by slavery on the people of Kansas. It was the insane vengeance of a man who had brooded over the stupendous wrongs he had suffered till madness took possession of his brain, and he regarded himself as the champion chosen of God to exterminate slavery.

Let us pause for one moment to inquire into the nature and extent of this "invasion" of Virginia, as it is termed. It is proper that we should do so, for it is one of the sins charged against the Republican party by the Senator from the first. Sir, there are three hundred thousand voting Republicans in New York—there are half a million in Ohio and Pennsylvania—there are hundreds of thousands in New England. Think you, sir, that if these million in these States had conspired to invade and revolutionize Virginia, to conquer her chivalry and capture her slaves, that an enterprise of such magnitude would have been entrusted to an army of seventeen white men and five negroes? But, sir, John Brown and his twenty-one followers attacked and overcame a town, containing, it is said, some three thousand Virginians. They took it without the loss of a man—without spilling one drop of blood on either side. "Invasion from the North!" startled the sleepers from their dreams. "Invasion from the North!" flashed along the telegraph wires and thundered along the railways. Terror seized the heart of the Chivalry, and dismay sat in distortion on the face of all the South. There was spurring in hot haste.

"There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby Clan,

The Musgraves, the Sitgrievs, they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing o'er Canby Lee."

The hair on the venerable head of the President stood out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as the cry "Invasion from the North" went echoing along the Halls of the Executive Mansion. The heart of Governor Wise died within him as the cry of "Invasion from the North" swept like the cry of the Vulture over Virginia. Think, sir, of the extremity of that terror which could reduce the Governor's letters from six solid columns in the Richmond Inquirer to telegrams of less than three lines in length! And, sir, what was this "Invasion from the North!" that shook the whole South with an ague chill of dismay and fear? What numbered this army which was to upheave the civic and social institutions of Virginia, and lead her Chivalry away captive? Seventeen white men and five negroes!

But, sir, the cry of "Invasion from the North" went ringing like the trumpet call of the

Avenging Angel through the South. The President ordered down to Harper's Ferry an army of Federal Marines from Washington; and Governor Wise ordered up an army of State troops from Norfolk and another from Richmond. And Maryland sent up another army from Baltimore. Banners flaunted in the breeze—bayonets glistened and sharp swords flashed in the sunlight—the tramp, tramp of armed hosts was along all the highways. All these military divisions were converging upon a common centre, and that centre was the ill-fated Harper's Ferry. That doomed town was surrounded by a cordon of Southern Chivalry, waiting only the word to rush together in the courage of its great heart to the slaughter and carnage of battle.

Do you remember, sir, that "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, upon the Russian Batteries—that charge, sir, which gave immortality to the "six hundred" of the bravest men whom the world ever looked upon, while it consigned five hundred and thirty of them to a bloody grave—that charge which should blast the name of the man who ordered it with eternal infamy? Sir, do you remember Tennyson's beautiful lines?

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!
Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.
'Forward the Light Brigade!'
'Charge for the guns!' he said—

Into the valley of death rode the six hundred!"

Do you remember, sir, what followed?

"Cannon to right of them!
Cannon to left of them!
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered!
Stormed at by shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of death!
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred!"

What was the courage of the "Light Brigade," the glorious "six hundred," compared with the immortal daring of the President's Marines and Virginia's Chivalry that surrounded the fated town of Harper's Ferry? The word was given:

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

And this cordon of death closed like the rush of mighty waters. The armed hosts rushed together like the collapse of mountains, till their very bayonets crossed. And what, think you, sir, they had inclosed in that fated circle? Seventeen white men and five negroes—dead, wounded and missing! Not a white man more, not one negro less! Sir, was there ever before enacted, in the face of an intelligent people, such a stupendous farce!

Sir, I do not stand here to justify, but to denounce this insane raid of John Brown, upon Harper's Ferry. But, sir, I do not stand here to spit upon his grave, nor to heap infamy upon his name. God looks upon the heart in rendering his retribution of good or evil. He whom Gov. Wise, even in the midst of his paroxysm of revenge and terror, pronounced the bravest and most truthful man he ever saw, could not have been organically a bad man. John Brown, sir, sleeps in the grave, into which the hunt of vengeance, and not the calm, firm course of justice consigned him. He has gone to a tribunal before which his accusers must meet him face to face; where human pride, power, influence might, have no voice, and where justice to the oppressed and the oppressor, the strong and the weak, the spoiler and the spoiled, is measured

out by the standard of immaculate and eternal truth.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor drag his frailties from their dread abode,
Where they alike in tender hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

Sir, I have shown you what this spirit of Slavery is. I have shown you the organic elements of the Slave Power, everywhere and always. I have shown you its influence upon the material prosperity of the States wherein it exists—its influence over the social institutions and internal progress of a people—its influence upon the great cause of Human Liberty, and its bearing upon the Rights of Man. I repeat, sir, once more: the "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery has been forced upon us. The great questions of the present and the proximate future—and, mystify it as we may, deny it as we may, the only questions—are, Shall Slavery be nationalized? Shall it be an outspreading and progressive institution, marching forward, always under the protection of Federal law and shielded by the Stars and Stripes? Is there to be no limit to its expansion? Shall all the broad territory of the Great West—territory large enough to make ten New Englands—territory reserved by the patriotism, the wisdom, the humanity of our fathers as an inheritance to the generations of freemen to come after them, consecrating it to free labor, free enterprise, and free institutions—be given over, through all time, to the blight and curse of Slavery? Shall the virgin richness of its soil be exhausted, its resources wasted, by the reckless culture of the bondman's toil? Shall free thought, free speech, free discussion, free enterprise, and a free press be banished from it forever? Shall this mad spirit of Slavery, that riots in misrule, that upheaves organic law and tramples upon the constitutional rights of freemen, go on spreading and expanding until there shall be no limit to its power? Shall the policy of this Government be shaped by Slavery, and controlled to the advancement of its interests and the expansion of its area? Sir, and Senators, what is your response to these pregnant questions? You must answer them, not by bravado, not by your silence; but by the expressive and practical language of conduct and action. Let no man deceive himself. The momentous issue between Freedom and Slavery must be settled now. Every other issue has been thrust out of the political arena, and this alone remains. Human ingenuity can no longer shirk it—human wisdom cannot postpone it. We have reached at last the parting of the ways, and must move on. There is no neutral ground—no middle path; and we cannot stand still. The pressure from behind impels us onward. We are accomplishing a work of destiny, and no human power can absolve us from the responsibility of action. All that is left us is to choose which course we will follow. On the one hand is the cause of freedom, free thought, free speech, free labor, free enterprise, a free press, free territory, and free institutions; and, on the other, slavery, with all its sequences of evil. Sir, and Senators, which path will you follow?

This issue, sir, has been forcing itself upon the country ever since the foundation of the government. The slave power has been steadily pushing its way forward during all that period, and every step it has taken has been aggressive. It

rose up and blustered, threatened dissolution and demanded compromise. The North, in its love of peace and veneration for the Union, has always yielded, under the condition that each successive concession should be regarded as a finality—but scarcely has the ink become dry on the page upon which such concession has been written, when some new demand has been made, enforced in a spirit of haughty arrogance, and conceded by way of compromise by the North in its love of quiet.

The ordinance of 1787 was a compromise. The Constitution itself was a compromise. The law of 1820, admitting Missouri, was a compromise. The conditions on which Texas was admitted were a compromise. The laws of 1850, including the fugitive slave law, were a compromise. And each of these compromises was to be regarded as a finality. The Democracy, North and South, over and over again declared them such. The then living but now dead Whig Party declared them such. Even the American Party, while it was strutting its little hour upon the stage, declared them such. And yet all these solemn compacts, all these compromises, were ropes of sand in view of the slave power, to be broken, trampled upon, scattered to the winds, whenever its interests or its caprice demanded some new concession.

The South by its solidarity, by making its peculiar institution the bond of its union, has annihilated or degraded every political party North and South. It annihilated the old Federal Party. It has, by its bids for support, utterly demoralized the Democratic Party, making it the instrument of slavery propagandism, and nothing else. All its old landmarks have been removed. Its lofty principles and ennobling policy, initiated by Jefferson and carried forward by his immediate successors abandoned, and the name is all that is left of that once glorious and patriotic organization.

The Whig Party, sir, was a noble and a patriotic party, reckoning among its supporters names deathless as history. Enticed into the service of slavery, it passed into dilapidation and decay. It "went down like some bright exhalation of the evening," and all that is left of it are a few solitary petrifications, the fossil remains of a vanished era.

The American Party, sir, was a noble and a patriotic party, growing up out of the chaos of the times, it had about it all the elements of strength and durability. It appealed to the pride of nationality, to the home instincts and sympathies of the American heart. In an ev' hour it leagued itself with slavery, and is already reckoned among the things that have been, as belonging to history. All that is left of it are a few sad and solitary ghosts, wandering on this side of the political Styx, with too little merit to be ferried across for nothing, and too poor to pay old Charon his penny for carrying them over. It glanced like a meteor across the political heavens, wherein it might have been fixed as a star. It vanished like a meteor into the darkness and was lost in the black shadow of slavery.

And thus, sir, it has been. The spirit of slavery has destroyed the integrity and the power of every party in the Union. It utterly annihilated the old Federal Party—it broke the back of the Democracy—it paralyzed and destroyed the Whig Party—and it knocked the

brains out of the American Party. It has been the bane of every political organization since the foundation of the government, and it will continue to be such until it shall have been met face to face, and been struck one straightforward trenchant blow by the clenched fist and the strong arm of the North.

Sir, they call us who resist the encroachments of slavery, who would not surrender the control of this government into the hands, or permit its policy to be shaped by the slave power, who would save the broad territories of the mighty West from the blight and curse of slavery, sectional. And why? Because we have taken our position on the side of freedom, and appealing to the traditions and axioms of the fathers, call upon the free men of the free States to sustain us in bringing the policy of the Union back to its ancient moorings. And who is responsible for this? Who has driven us to this position? The South demands an administration that will sustain by its influence and power the spread of slavery, that will throw open the territories to its advancement, and place federal arms in the hands of federal troops to enforce its propagandism. We have appealed to the South against the injustice of its course. We appealed to its sense of justice, to its appreciation of honor against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and how have we been answered? Let the outrages in the Senate Chamber, the rapine and plunder in Kansas, the burning of towns and the murder of citizens committed in that doomed Territory, justified by every Southern Senator and every Southern press; the insult and outrage heaped upon citizens of free States while traveling in the South for lisping one word in favor of freedom, the violation of private correspondence and official robbery of the mails, speak the nature of that response. What then was left to us but an appeal to the great heart of the fifteen millions of free people of the North? But we did not, and we do not appeal to the North alone. We appeal to all men, to patriots who love their country, to statesmen who would advance its true interests and highest glory, to lovers of liberty everywhere, in all the States, and if our appeal is responded to only by the free men of the North, who is responsible for that?

But, sir, is it true that the only test of nationality is to favor the extension of human slavery? Is the spread of that institution, with all its sequences of evil become the great leading feature of our national policy? Are we bound by our national obligations to be the propagandists of a system which the whole world has denounced, which is at war with every principle of human rights, which in every attribute is the antipode of republican freedom, against all the teachings of Christian civilization and all the axioms of an enlightened philanthropy? Sir, this is the logical sequence, if to oppose the extension of Slavery is sectional and not national. Sir, this charge of sectionalism in the mouths of our opponents is an insult to the intelligence of the age. It is more. It is a hypocritical and canting subterfuge. It is the cry of the fugitive, of stop thief, while he runs away with his plunder. Sir, this device has come to be understood. The people have studied into the matter, and at last have comprehended the great fact, that until the whole philosophy of our system of govern-

ment, the whole theory and superstructure of our institutions shall be changed, until right and wrong shall change places in the vocabulary of the world, freedom can never be sectional. Its principles are universal, and should prevail wherever human government or human fate prevails. Sir, tell me when the Southern States, on any question involving however remotely the interests of Slavery, have failed to stand together, making their peculiar institutions a bond of political union? An instance of their being divided on such an issue has not yet been recorded in history. And it is their solidarity that gives them power. What is the spectacle that has been presented during the last two months at Washington? The Southern States standing together, an iron phalanx, resisting as one man, in factious opposition, the organization of the House, and they stood thus for more than eight weeks, and why? Because the representatives of the 15,000,000 of the North will not bow down and worship at the shrine of Slavery. Sir, there is but one sentiment pervading all the South, a sentiment intensely sectional, beginning and ending at the South—that holds the South in unity, and precipitates the Southern States in a body into the political arena, and that sentiment is the extension of Slavery. Who then are the sectionalists, and who is responsible, if the North, following the example thus set, and impelled by necessities growing out of inevitable and everlasting antagonisms shall stand together for freedom, making the extension of free institutions, the promotion of the interests of free enterprise and free labor the bond of their union?

Sir, there are inequalities enough, evils enough existing already under the Constitution, without extending them by enlarging the area of slavery. You will see, sir, by looking over the map of this country, that the territory now organized into States, contains in round numbers 1,400,000 square miles, and of this slavery has possession of 800,000, and freedom of 600,000. These 800,000 square miles are peopled by about 7,000,000 of free white men; and the 600,000 are peopled by about 15,000,000 of free white men. Sir, there is something due to the posterity of these 15,000,000 of free, white, working men of this country. The 7,000,000 of the south have possession of one-third more territory than the 15,000,000 of the north; and is there a lack of nationality in insisting, that these 15,000,000 will not rob their posterity of land, and labor, and freedom, and republican equality, that slavery may be extended?

The 15,000,000 of the north are represented in Congress by 176 representatives. The 7,000,000 by 120. Equality of representation would give the free North more than double the representatives of the South, whereas we now lack sixty-four of that number. And why? Because, by the compromises made when the Constitution was framed, it was agreed, that one free, white man, who owned five slaves at the South, should equal in representation four free men of the North, who owned none. Such are the inequalities already existing under the Constitution, and while I denounce them as a fraud and an outrage upon the North, yet they are in the Constitution, and I am content that they should remain there.

But, sir, it is not the 7,000,000 of the slave states who are clamoring for an extension of

slavery. They have not corrupted the administration; they have not degraded and subordinated the democracy. They have not prostituted and destroyed Americanism. They did not annihilate the Whig Party. This, sir, was the work of the 350,000 slaveholders. The *people* of the South are not responsible for the outrages perpetrated in Washington; the outrages upon Northern citizens in the Southern States, or the still more gigantic outrages perpetrated in Kansas. These again, sir, are the work of the 350,000 slaveholders of the south, who subsist upon the fruits of the bondmen's toil. They have sons for the army and navy, for clerks in the public offices, for marshals, for the customs, and the petty offices of the government. They can fill foreign missions and consulates and home departments, the secretaryships and the judgeships; and it is the possession of these that stimulates their nationality. They are not geographically sectional. They will vote for a Northern man, provided his face is plastic, and his principles are Southern, and provided he will give the South—and that means them—a monopoly of official spoils. These 350,000 slaveholders control the politics of the South, and they market their influence wherever it will bring the highest price.

And now, sir, I repeat once more, that we are in the midst of this irrepressible conflict between Freedom and Slavery, and that the South stands as a solid phalanx in favor of Slavery—that we of the North must take position—we cannot remain neutral—the ways part here, and we must take the right hand or the left. Sir, we are told that this Union will be dissolved if a Republican President shall, in accordance with the Constitutional forms, be elected in 1860. This announcement has been made in high quarters. Southern Democrats have made it in the Federal Senate, and Northern Democrats utter no word of dissent or rebuke. Southern Democrats make it every day in the House of Representatives, and Northern Democracy echoes the traitorous threat. Sir, shall we give up our organization? shall we dissolve our party? shall we bow our heads in humility, and in accents of submission, cry "*peccavi! culpa mea! culpa mea! peccavi!*" or shall we stand up, in the courage and patriotism of our manhood, and meet these traitors and conspirators against the Union with a calm and stern defiance?

But, sir, this threat of dissolution is an idle tale with which to frighten children. If it shall intimidate the 15,000,000 of the Free North now, then are they irreclaimable cowards, and deserve all the outrage heaped upon them. Sir, if danger there be to the Union, it is not in the election of a Republican President, but in his defeat—not, sir, in the unity of the North, but in its divisions—not in the triumph of Freedom, but in the triumph of Slavery. Sir, look back over the past and see how this controversy has been growing for decades—how contention on this Slavery issue has been rising higher and higher, and discussion waxing fiercer and fiercer every year. The 15,000,000 of the north are aroused to the assertion of their rights. They have forborne the exercise of the power vested by the Constitution in the might of majorities, till their forbearance has reached the boundary of virtue. They are content that Slavery shall remain in safety where it now is—they are content that it shall repose in security

and are ready to protect it within the States—but they have resolved that it shall go no further. This controversy can be settled now, but the Territories and future States must be free. They have seen the Missouri Compromise swept away, but they have resolved that Slavery shall gain nothing by that outrage. Stay its progress now, go back to the spirit of ancient compacts—let it be settled now and forever that Slavery shall never travel beyond the line of 36.30—that there shall be no more acquisition of Slave Territory, whether by conquest or purchase, and contention will cease, agitation will be hushed, excitement will die away and fraternal feeling will take the place of sectional hates. The South will acquiesce because such a settlement will be just, and the north will be content because it was “so nominated in the bond.”

But, sir, let the solidarity of the South, aided by a truckling and craven spirit at the North, give to Slavery a triumph now; let it go out that the policy of this Government, its great object and mission, is to foster and extend slavery; that that institution is to be nationalized; and this excitement on the subject of slavery will become a consuming fire. The fifteen millions of the free North will throw away the scabbard from the sword they have drawn, and its keen edge will be applied with a relentless purpose. They are not abolitionists now; but the conservative spirit that holds them in check has a limit to its forbearance. Their war with slavery is one of self-defence; but if slavery shall triumph now, it will become one of aggression, and you and I, no earthly power, can prevent it. We are drifting, sir, upon the current of a destiny, under a higher direction than mere human agencies; and deprecate it as we may, struggle as we may, tremble as we may in view of the rapids towards which we may seem to be drifting, we are borne onwards by its resistless sweep.

You will remember that this conflict is not between opposing factions. It is not a strife of personal ambition. It is not a war of the Pignies. It is a war of the Giants. It is a conflict of principle, involving the great interests of humanity; between progress and retrogression; between right and wrong; and in such a conflict, when fairly begun, the weaker will go to the wall. Give to Slavery a triumph now, and these fifteen millions of freemen will exert the constitutional power vested in the might of majorities, and no human power can prevent them. They will attack Slavery in its strongholds. They will attack it in the District of Columbia, and sweep it away. They will attack the slave trade between the States, and its annihilation will follow. They will repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. They will drive Slavery from the Federal Courts by the enactment of a Federal law that man can hold no property in man. They will attack the Constitution itself, not by disregarding its sanctions, but by demanding its amendment, so as to destroy the inequality of representation and making the President elective by the whole people and by a direct vote. Such, sir, is the Phoenix that I see rising out of the ashes of the Republican Party—such the warfare that I see looming up beyond its defeat; and when that warfare shall have begun, then, sir, the Union will indeed be in danger, and its dissolution may be counted upon as among the eventualities of a proximate future.

The danger, then, I repeat, is in the defeat and not in the success of the principles which underlie the Republican Party. That party, sir, is the only truly conservative party, the only party under whose control this Union is or can be safe. It stands between Southern extremists, the pro-slavery fanaticism, the mad secessionists of the south, and the wild and frenzied abolitionism, the anti-slavery fanaticism of the North. It grasps these world-wide but destructive antagonisms in either hand, and restrains their frantic rage. Does not its success, therefore, appeal to the patriotism, the love for the Union, of every American heart?

But, sir, if the election of a Republican President, achieved through constitutional means, will dissolve this Union—if the vindication of free speech, free enterprise, free labor, free territory, and free institutions, will break the bands that hold these States together—then, sir, the Union, this Confederation, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and all our boasted institutions, are a gigantic fraud, a stupendous cheat, and a lie.

Sir, I have no fears that the election of a Republican President will dissolve the Union. If I thought it would—sir, shall I go on? I may speak treason if I do. Sir, I love this Union. It is a glorious compact, full of destiny to the generations who are to come after us. Its integrity, its perpetuity, is of momentous import to the far off future of the whole world. It involves everything conducive to the advancement of human freedom, everything auxiliary to human progress, everything of interest to the great cause of Christian civilization. If it were to perish now, the idea of self-government, of Republican freedom might well become obsolete. If our great experiment should fail, the hope of freedom for the oppressed of other lands might well be surrendered in despair.

But, sir, much as I love and venerate the Union, vast as are the interests that cluster around its perpetuity, and mighty as would be the sequence of its dissolution—yet, sir, rather than see slavery nationalized—rather than see it march forward into territory consecrated to freedom—rather than see it break away from the State sovereignties and become an outspreading and progressive institution, protected and fostered by the Federal power—rather than that the extension of its area and the protection of its interests should become the leading feature of our national policy—I say, sir, let this Union be dissolved. Let slavery take its portion, and be separate. Let the Southern States hug to their bosoms their cherished institution, until they perish in the folds of the serpent they have nourished. But let the free North be sinless. Let them stand apart from the gigantic wrong, the Heaven daring wickedness of slavery, and escape the curse of God, written all over history, denouncing retribution and woe against the nations that rob the defenceless or oppress the poor.

Sir, this Union cannot be dissolved. Let no man suppose that dissolution can be accomplished, short of the carnage, and chaos of revolution, and beyond which are the blasting horrors of a servile war. Sir, the great conservative States of the North, will never consent to dissolution. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, will never consent to it. New England will

never consent to it. The young, loyal States of the West, will never consent to it. These States, sir, will save the Union from dissolution. They will save the South from itself—the slave States from their own madness and folly. They will not leave the South to the horrors of a war of the races, that will surely follow the breaking down of this Confederation. I repeat, sir, this Union cannot be dissolved. New York is a great State—the greatest in this Confederation of States; greatest in population; greatest in commerce; greatest in wealth; greatest in resources, and second to none in the patriotism of her people. New York is a loyal State, loyal to the Constitution, loyal to the Union, and the fundamental principles which lie at the foundations of our republican institutions. She is a conservative State—not that conservatism which nestles among bales of cotton, or burrows in hogsheads of sugar. It is not the conservatism of cowardice that trembles at the frown, or yields to the menaces of madmen North or South. Hers is the conservatism of princi-

ple, the conservatism of justice and right; the conservatism that is true to itself, that will neither do nor suffer wrong. New York, sir, knows her strength. She can afford to be magnanimous. She is content to be forbearing; but she will bide her time. While peace reigns, she will keep bright the chain that encircles the Union. She will brush away with a gentle hand, the clouds of prejudice. She will whisper down the voice of contention. Where strife is, she will interpose conciliation, and like an elder sister, watchful of the honor of those weaker and younger than herself, she will lead these States onward to a brighter glory, and more enduring renown. But, sir, in the hour of danger, whether from foes without or traitors within, when the tempest shall come, and the institutions of our country shall rock and reel upon their deep foundations, then will New York, by the giant power of her strength, hold this Union firm upon its basis, and safe, amid the earthquake and the storm.